AND BEAUTY OF ACTS OF WOMEN.

Rector Church of the Epiphany,

(Episcopal), Brooklyn, N. Y.

come beforehand to anoint my body to the

The most beautiful things ever done have

A Strange Visitor on the Fast Mail By JASPER HUNNICUTT, R. P. C.

The Wraith of Benjamin Franklin Comes to Earth and Notes the Progress Made in the Postal Service Since His Day.

buildings in various large cities Uncle Sam | the restless Catawbas and treacherous | car to "face up" papers. has kindly provided for his postal clerks Sioux. Herein I read the history of the very cozy spartments. Perhaps our like- Colonies; freedom from the crown and a supreme importance, "Your story," he said, ness to carrier pigeons suggested making century of peace with other lands. No "tells me great things. The fringe of peofor us these lefty nests. We greatly en- warrior nation could afford such luxury." ple on the eastern shore shall grow outward joy our resting places above the city's | He next appeared at one of the mali car | to the western sea. The world's most cour-

burg we look down on two great cities cov- him that at 8:15 p. m. we should be "off." ering the plain and climbing the steep hills. "I shall be with you presently." the hundreds of miles to the west, and our visi- heroic acts, so have women. But in the earth with iron. Above them is a "pillar | its motion." of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by Just then a signal was given and the en- were just beginning to stir, the birds sing- naked heroism. Tenderness and love have night." One evening, just as the lights had gine tugged at its big load eight hundred ing their earlist songs, the smell of mint been the setting of their heroic deeds, and flashed like stars on the hilltops, we sat in feet long. With flerce hissing of steam rese beside the little streams. Wreaths of the rugged, heroic act which would in man our lofty quarters telling stories. Some of and an awful blast from the chimney the fog hung across the track, but our train stand forth in a cold isolation is entwined our number could remember when Arm- big wheels flew around violently on the shot through them like a flash of by woman with a sweet attractiveness that strong first made practical the distribution oily track. Then checking its fury a mo- light. The stranger leaned out the warms while it inspires. Their love wraps of mail en route, and was soon succeeded by ment, again it went forward, wrapped in side doors enchanted by the scene. round some stern act of self-denial or self-White, the great builder of our system, smoke and gleaming with fire, and so His curly locks were carried backward, and sacrifice as the softness of the velvety moss who is still our honored chief. Others rushed out into the storm. The stranger his yellow necktie fluttered in the wind. covers the gnarled and rugged oak. The spoke of French, the disciplinarian, and of leaped into the air. He would not have In wonder, he exclaimed, "How is it that words I have quoted in the text refer to Jackson as the systematizer of the service. been more surprised if the engine had ye feel no emotion, nor perceive this such an act of woman, one doubtless of As twilight deepened and the city seemed spread a pair of black wings and flown up- miracle of science? The going of this large self-denial, but so pervaded by selffar away beneath us one of the clerks ward. "Wonderful creature of steel and great conveyance, with scores of people forgetful love, so lost in a passion of selfpointed up the river towards Braddock- steam," he said, while climbing into the sleeping softly, and mail and merchandise abandonment, that one in gazing on the field and remarked that a glimpse of our mail car, "and it spits fire like Beelzebub. piled high, is marcelous. Never before have moving picture is swayed by the beauty. thoughts, which clung to us after we had | in harness." your kite, Mister, I suppose?" The stranger | through all the postal cars on the train | the suspended sacks as we ran swiftly smiled and placed the kite in Burnside's and explained the work. He saw hundreds through many towns. Often we saw tears in strong electric shock was felt and the kite | clerks swiftly throwing therein paper mail | by great thoughts. For with wondrous vanished instantly. Burnside turned pale | for the various routes in many States. He | power of intellect he saw a continent interas Banquo's ghost and said he disliked saw a thousand letter boxes filled with let- laced by railway systems. Nothing remote anything that occurred too suddenly. An ters, and he greatly admired the dexterity or out of reach. All smoothly moving, Irish porter crossed himself and rushed of the clerks. He shouted in astonishment never ceasing, meeting and parting in bluff when he's dead." We would all have fused to carry us. It was a relief when our visitor spoke. "Thank God," he said, "my desire hath been granted, and I shall see in

ness west of Pennsylvania province. I am permitted to go in this true dream one day's fourney with those who have charge of his Majesty's mail. I centend that safe and frequent carriage of mail is beneficial to traffic. As postmaster at Philadelphia I send mail frequently to New York, and to written two weeks ago to-day by a youth named George Washington in the province June 1, 1752. When placed in the hands of Mr. Whittler, our clerk in charge, it van from nervous debility. The stranger continued: "Beloved myths, whom I behold twenty miles, to a city called St. Louis, shook his head and said: "Tis almost beyoud belief, but I must not deny your statement. My own conclusions are often unacceptable to others, and to-day I verito wit: that lightning is the same as electricity excited by friction." Clerk in Charge Whittler went to the telephone and called for Philadelphia, "Now, stranger," he said, "an electric wire like your kite string sounds are reproduced at the other end." Our visitor's face glowed with delight as his quaint questions. We called the Govthat would disappear when he awoke.

stranger stood beside it amazed beyond | begin with Dark. There are ten named | born." measure. "What propels this mammoth | Sunrise and fifteen Sunsets." replied. "Hot sthame," and then fled. fewer people see the sun rise than see it was drowned by the clang of bells and gen-Standing beside the engineer, who was set." "That she does," replied the engineer with- of these is Sweetlips." out looking up, "but she'll skim like a "Ah, I know of two more," interrupted produced before our time for the benefit bird." The stranger remarked, "This pave- Stick. ment seems narrow, but very strong. How | Whittler frowned and continued: "Fiftyfar extend these metal bars? To the limit | eight names begin with 'Good' and only one of the town?" "Ha! ha! from sea to sea," with 'Bad.' That is Bad Axe, Mich., and laughed the engineer. The stranger echoed it is twenty miles from Grindstone City." the words, "from sea to sea," in a voice so | Stickington now begged leave to make the full of wonder that the engineer was following statement: "The most peculiar frightened. He dropped his torch and oil name is Peculiar, Mo., the coldest post- In my own hands my want and weakness are. can to the floor, climbed in the cab and office is Zero. Ky,, the warmest is Fire blew four awful blasts of the whistle as a call for help, and was afterward fined for making to much noise in the station. Through the dozen coaches of our train the stranger next made his way. No one questioned his privileges. He measured the long interior of the train by his steps, counting aloud. He examined, with expression of wonder, the rich upholstery and burnished metal work, the decorated walls and mirrors of pinte glass. He sat on the velvet cushions and smiled. He stretched himself in a Pullman berth and laughed aloud. Evidently the idea of traveling in to much luxury seemed to him ridiculous. HA found the library.

"Ana! a literary age," he said. "Shall you read Shakspeare to the Aborigines, who no doubt will seek our scalps as we go west ward? And here's a barber. Pray, did you ever curl King George's wig? The Indians have no beards or you might shave Pentiac's face. I trow he would not risk you at his throat. And here are tables spread for dinner with dainty fare and costly ware fit for royalty. Luxurious myths of my dream! In carriages, after the similitude of a palace ye journey to the

noise and find it a kind of high living that | doors. "The night will be stormy," he | ageous races here shall blend into a nation said. "You will not venture forth until the strong enough to conquer the vast unmeas-From our dormitory windows at Pitts- | weather improves?" Mr. Whittler assured | ured wilderness."

For miles along the river banks foom up stranger remarked, "but desire to walk half | tor, instead of looking upon the haunts of heroism of women there has often been a the black roofs of mills that clothe the a mile beside this huge machine to observe savages, saw the fertile farms of Ohio, sweet and entrancing beauty that has cov-

when a certain paper which now goes to rythmic harmony. And as a great sym-

"My Gazette," he cried, "to what a mul- lively race occurred. As we came to the titude thou shalt speak, and how beautiful thou art grown. Tell me," he said, rival train sprang from behind a bluff and

studied the Annual Guide, then made the country 76,945 postoffices; Pennsylvania leads in number with 5,138, while Wyoming has but 348. Alaska contains 67, Hawaii 90 and Porto Rico 78. Guam and Samoa each boast of one postoffice. Thirty-six postoffices are named Franklin and there are thirty-one Washingtons. The Indians have would be supposed. Southern Indian names are soft in sound. In Georgia there are Altamaha, Apalachee, Cherokee, Yahoola. | the high signal which would soon tell which | better. Their white destroyers used such lofty names as Gumlog, Jeff, Josh and Rabbitt. musical. In Massachusetts there is Pocasset, Ponkapog, Pontoosuc. In Maine, Pat-Barques, Saulte Ste. Marie, Marquette and | stretched forward, foaming and panting. Fond du Lac. California mingles the rough | The exhaust grew more furious, the big names of early settlers with the soft Span- wheels looked like rims without spokes. ish. There is Grizzly Bluff and musical The side rods appeared as a sheet of steel. Esmarelda, unlovely Squaw Valley and fra- as the piston strokes became too rapid for grant Los Olivos, sarcastic Angel's Camp | the eye to follow. After a moment that and pious Los Angeles. There is fruity was intense and long, our signal dropped, Prunedale and Peach and Pomona and and we gave a shout as the other train Mexican Tamales. Its Chinese contingent | dropped back.

accounts for a postoffice named Cathay." "I wonder," remarked Stickington, "if sippi when it was observed that Burnside read in an old book about a 'Cycle of Ca- | "empties." "Boys," he said, "we are

concerning recent Indian troubles, also the Mr. Whittler ordered him to "lock out sure our visitor is real, while I feel exactly men that man is worthless in the sight of attacked Osman Digna at Handub mikes mayor of Boston, with whom he discussed Steubenville" and continued: "All States like a myth. He will soon awake from his God. How could God be love, as we know most of the Emir's men were away raiding; turning Things over with his Fork, as if to and her Husband would be up on the Night the peculiar plan of the city. These people | preserve their history in postoffice names, | dream and be living in 1752, and we people | He is, and yet not have the piercing gaze | and although he succeeded in releasing a say, "Well, I don't know about this." And | Train. Whereupon five men fell under the still wonder whose strange, rich voice they as in Maryland-Calvert, Cecilton, Van that he is dreaming about will have to wait that sees His own image, even if obscured, number of captives he thought it well to heard, and the department at Washington | Bibber, Queen Anne, and in Virginia, King | more than a hundred years to be born. | in man? We do not love men, because the is still trying to discover who made that William, Pocahontas, etc. There is an im- And who knows whether we will ever be weedy growth of our selfishness chokes off withdrawal was in no way discreditable. bill against it at the rate of \$10 for each | mense postoffice menagerie. We have forty- born at all. There's many a chance against | our love. But not so with God, for He loves | for his force was a jumble of irregulars three minutes. Mr. Whittler produced an four Bears, as Bear Creek, Bear Lake, etc.; it. My great-great-grandparents may never all men. That truth is radiant in the Old and levies without discipline. But it is not evening paper containing news of the day sixty-eight Beavers, 106 Elks, fifty Buffalos, meet. Or if they do he might speak lightly from every land. "A little wire under the Foxes of all kinds and colors. Strange to of her bonnet or she might laugh about his revelation of Himself. No one is excepted certain of an annihilating victory, has not ecean flashing signs along," he said. The relate, there are three Snake postoffices, home-made shoes-just a slight difference stranger was moved almost to tears. "Be also one Dogden and one Dogtooth. Our and the whole affair be off. It is awful to your time to live many years hence when 39 and 292 Oaks. Uncle Sam did not neglect of people have never been born because Orange 46, Peach 21, Persimmon 4, Pear 2, | country. And now in a minute we shall all

pouring oil here and there, the stranger | Mr. Whittler directed him to keep still for an instant a sensation not to be de- Son to redeem us and bring out the beauty said: "No power on earth can move that and went on: "Three postoffice names be- scribed as we went out of existence and and glory of God's nature, and awake to mass of metal. It weighs a hundred tons," gin with 'Bitter' and five with 'Sweet.' One | back again. And so we returned from the

Island, N. Y. The most ancient is Adamsboro, Ind., the surest is Bird-in-Hand, Pa. The most foreign is King of Prussia in the same State. The highest is Cloudland, N. C., the saddest Goodbye, Tenn., the most LOVE'S SEEING POWER: HEROISM curious is Rock-a-Walking, Md. The slowest is Nogo, Mo." Stick ventured to add that the most delightful postoffice is Kisse Mills, Mo., which he considered the mills of the gods. Mr. Whittler was disgusted with By Dean Richmond Babbitt, D. D. Up among the rafters of the postoffice | unknown region of the Sacs and Foxes, his remarks and sent him to the Missouri

burying."-Mark xiv, 8.

When morning began to dawn, we were been those done by women. Men have done blue and beautiful after the rain. The flocks | ered the hard, rigorous, severe lines of

times would have surprised one of the old Newcomen hath demonstrated that steam I dreamed a dream like this. I apprehend love and gracious kindliness of the act, pioneers. This gave a queer turn to our is powerful, but ye have trained it to work the secret of your union. Constant inter- rather than impressed by its heroism. change of thought and products binds your But, furthermore, the heroic act to which and looks out imperiously above most gone to the station and prepared for our He was startled when the tunnel walls hearts together. Ye cannot hate your dis- I refer reads us another lesson than that of trip to St. Louis on the night line. While closed around us, and again when we tant brethren because ye eat their luxuries. beauty. It teaches profoundly the seeing waiting in the station mailroom a strange rushed across the river and bowled along The stomack effects the heart. In this, my power of love. Look at the picture as St. sensation came upon us for an instant. We under the high cliffs. The rain came down day, war is the game and business of a Mark, the gospel limner, paints it, and see looked into one another's faces and con- in sheets. The lightning glared above the king. But in your time, a man, to defeat this lesson. The Savior is dining with Simon versation ceased. Then we observed among | hill tops, and we beheld flashlight pictures | his enemy, need not have at him with | in Bethany. A proud company is doubtless us a man dressed in the colonial garb of of a great city with a river at its feet. blunderbuss and sword, but will essay to present. He is receiving at meat after the 150 years ago. No one saw him come in, Across the chasm and up the gorge, then build a swifter iron horse than he, or ex- manner of the Orientals, and a simplebut he was there, looking about with the over into the valley we went, increasing | ceed him in barter or manufacture. Me- hearted, loving being, not learned in coneagerness of a child at first sight of the our speed each moment. The rain drops | thinks this vision is delightful and I grieve | troversies about duty, or wise in theoretic | the character just the same as if all the Christmas tree, His face, which had the struck the cars like hall, so fast we flew to think ye soon must vanish." To the end ethics, or exercised in subtle questions of externals were different. He has no age strong features common to great men, was over the black landscape. Our visitor's face of our journey his enthusiasm abated not conduct, comes into the room with a box of but the prime of life, no body but one to flushed with pleasure. His broad-brimmed was white with excitement. "It is an age in the least degree. He measured the precious ointment of spikenard. She is only brain behind. The brain and the will are out and then blew brass key attached to the string. He end in destruction." We were disturbed by great stations where, amidst a multitude | way that might be somewhat adequate. All seemed to regard us only as a part of the a fear that he might awake from his of people many trains moved in and out. very nature of love to express itself. And scenery, which apparently was new to him. dream, and felt very uncertain in regard he looked upon their going as majestic and this adoring woman, full of this deep, pure, The silence became oppressive, and Clerk to our status in that event. To divert his beyond the pageantry of older lands. With spiritual love of the Savior, must tell it out Burnside ventured to remark: "Been flying attention, Mr. Whittler conducted him delight he watched the local clerk catch degree her feelings, though whatever means ne used she knew she could not tell it all. hands. When Burnside touched the key a of sacks hung with open mouths up, and his eyes, and knew he was overwhelmed There she stands with her simple, loving

phony sometimes affects strong men, so he was moved. Before the end of our trip, a great American bottoms near St. Louis, a by its sudden hiding and reappearing among whirling their drivers with terrific violence. the section men stood far back, holding their hats. The track in front seemed to rush toward us with marvelous speed. The strip of ground between the two roads flew backward like the belt of a swift pulley. We laughed and jeered at the mail clerks on the other train. Our spirits rose or fell as we forged ahead or dropped back for a

Soon after we were crossing the Missis-

As the train backed swiftly into the sta-

Strength in God's Hands.

With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him.

-Bayard Taylor.

And, darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar,

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star

My strength, O God, in Thine.

in God's eternal day. Obscure and dim

will be patient, lest my sorrow bar His grace and blessing, and I fall supine;

of Benjamin Franklin.

First Little Girl-Do you live in a flat? I thought they didn't take

children in flats. How did you get in?

Second Little Girl-I was borned in.

the two steeds of steel that sprang forward | They cannot see these values because love does not give them the seeing power. Thrift, economy, saving, yes, all that is good, but ond. Far down the parallel tracks we saw | not good when at the expense of things train should have the crossing. The en-

A LOVING ACT.

for an eternal fame. Her spirit, with all gift of wonderful insight through love, defended her and said: "She hath done what

CHARACTER OF LOVE. But now wing your thought wider and the worst predicament of our lives. I am God's insight into man's value. Do not tell Suakim, and it is remarkable that his most he had developed a Grouch that enveloped plained. She said that Mrs. Williams was and New Testaments, and flashes out and gleams in glowing colors all through God's

from God's love. We look out on the world and see men in the densest ignorance, swayed by disthankiui," he said, "that you now exist forest is extensive, 125 postoffices named for consider that upon such little things our tinctive passions, drowned by the cancer a brigade of Sudanese over Osman's only in my imagination and shall have the Ash, Cedar 152, Pine 176, Beech 44, Maple chance to live depends. No doubt millions of selfishness, utterly unlovable. But have trenches at Gamazieh. Next year at Toski Turks are not coming; the Turks are not c Love's insight wanting, we have no measthis is real." It was distressing to learn his orchard and there are Applegroves, their ancestors fell out about something or ure of moral or spiritual values. We miss That he meant to be sirder in fact as well that we were merely shadows of a dream | Apple Creeks, etc., to the number of 29; | happened to live in different parts of the | the divine in man, which God's love discovers. and which His grace gradually brings | Khedive traveled south to the frontier and | and relentless, the Sudan machine rolls con- | they have never seen, every man goes forth even to blunt human gaze. When we look Our train was now in the shed and the Sixteen names begin with Light and nine pass away a hundred years before we are into our own hearts and analyize our own consciences, if we are truly humble, we are inclined to wonder how anybody can love us. Yet God's swift and perceiving gaze of conveyance?" he exclaimed. An Irishman "That shows," observed Stickington, "that tion at St. Louis Burnside's lamentation love sees, so to say, a reflection of Christ now in us, some spark of the divine, some glint of goodness, something so valuable, eral confusion of sound. To all of us came so worthy in His eyes that he sent His own we may see somewhat as he sees when He seventeenth century, in which we had been looks on men.

A Christian without love is a contradiction in terms, and wherever you find high professions of gospel character, doctrinal distinctions drawn to the ninth of a hair. unctuous repetition of the creed, ethical hair splitting and no love with it all, call it by its right name, "Religious rattle." Love is the underlying force of Christian character, and faculty is not only the seeing power, but the doing power.

A TRICK OF FATE.

A Strange Prayer Made Just Before Lincoln's Death.

New York Evening Post. Fate plays some strange tricks. Who can say that Judge Riddle did not, for a few brief hours the following spring, hold Lincoin's life in his hand? His daughter Harrist, who afterwards became the wife of Henry E. Davis, and has acquired reputation as an author, was in the early part of 1865 a pupil at a Roman Catholic convent school in Washington. One day, just before the tragedy at Ford's theater, a female teacher returned from a brief visit to her Southern home, apparently laboring under some terrible excitement which she was trying to suppress. At the session of her class immediately preceding their separation for Good Friday, she suddenly bade them all join her in a prayer, which she poured forth in a voice and manner so agonizing that the children were thrilled with a nameless horror. Among other things, she prayed for the souls which were soon to be called before their maker without warning, and for those of the persons who were to send them.

Judge Riddle's daughter, who was an impressionable child, could hardly contain herself till she reached home and sought her father, to whom she attempted to tell the story of the afternoon's occurrence. He, immersed in anxieties over the political and administrative situation, put her off till he should have more leisure. When

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT she was awakened on Good Friday night by the noise of the soldiers and citizens hurrying through the street and calling out the news of the assassination, she uttered an exclamation which caught and held her father's attention, and then he

waved aside. "Why did you not tell me this before!" he demanded. It was then too late. The most he could do was to collect such evidence from the school children as he might to aid the detectives in hunting down the conspirators, but they were unable to put their hands upon the teacher who had uttered that awful prayer. She had fled. No one could longer doubt that, in her visit to her home, she had become possessedprobably under an oath-bound seal of silence-of the dread secret. If Judge Riddle had heard his little girl's story in time, "She hath done what she could; she is | perhaps he would have suspected its bearing; perhaps not. Who can tell? It is so much easier to fit the pieces of a mosaic together after fate has shown us where each was intended to go, than before!

A PORTRAIT OF KITCHENER.

The British General as He Appeared in the Campaign in the Soudan.

The successful ending of the war in South Africa under the direction of Lord Kitchener and the consequent prominence of that officer gives a new interest to the pen picture made of him while he was conducting the campaign in Egypt by the correspondent G. W. Steevens, who later, following the army to the Transvaal, lost his life there. It is a vivid portraiture and makes plain the force and character of the man as few other sketches have done. Steevens writes in his book ["With Kitchener to

"Maj. Gen. Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility; that also is irrelevant. Steady, passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick red, rather full cheeks, a long mustache, beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant, too. Neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person has any bearing carry his mind, no face but one to keep his acters came around and sized up the Layin some way that would measure to some | man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris international exhibition. British empire, exhibit No. 1, hors concours, the Sudan ma-

story, yet famous for all time; and so she | the army and navy stores. The aphorist's tastes lay perhaps in the direction of those and pours the precious ointment on His up perfectly. He would be a splendid manager of the army and navy stores. There are some who nurse a desperate hope that He would be a splendid manager of the

War Office. He would be a splendid manhe has turned himself to the management Minor; he was subsequently director of the Palestine Exploration Fund. At the beginning of the Sudan troubles he appeared. He was one of the original twenty-five officers who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Sudan he has been ever since, mastering the problem of the Sudan always. The ripe harvest of fifteen years is that he knows everything that is to be learned of his subject. He has seen and profited by the errors of others wisdom and the achievements of his predehe was the right man.

"Captain R. E., he began in the Egyptian army as second in command of a regiment of cavalry. In Wolseley's campaign he was intelligence officer. During the summer of 1884 he was at Korosko, negotiating with the Ababdeh shieks in view of an advance across the desert to Abu Hamed; and note how characteristically he has now bettered the then abandoned project by going that way to Berber and Khartum himself, only with a railway! The idea of the advance across the desert he took over from Lord Arab caravans; and then, for his own stroke of insight and resolution amounting sistible certain conquest by superseding camels with the railway. Others had thought of the desert route; the sirdar, correcting Korosko to Halfa, used it. Others had projected desert rallways; the sirdar made one. That, summarized in one instance, is the working of the Sudan ma-

"As intelligence officer Kitchener accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's desert col breakdown of transport which must in any case have marred that heroic folly was not unnoticed by him. Afterwards, through the long decade of little fights that made the Egyptian army, Kitchener was fully em- was the Land-Mark. Having lived in ployed. In 1887 and 1888 he commanded at | Boarding-Houses and Hotels all his Life, retire, himself wounded in the face by a he never believed anything he saw in the Table. bullet, without any decisive success. The Papers. He said the Papers printed those | Moral: Nothing ever happens at a Boardperhaps fanciful to believe that the sirdar, who has never given battle without making revenge before the end of 1888, when he led succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as sirdar. as name he showed in 1894. The young took the occasion to insult every British | quering southward. officer he came across. Kitchener promptly of the discipline of the army and its British since-but not without intervals.

vastness which paralyzes transport.

listened to the tale which he had once

USUAL WAY IT TURNED OUT Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell. by what was on the Table. been in the Business for 20 years and she | Cloth. had earned her Harp three times over. The Prune Joke never phased her, and she had came in every Evening and told what had

Fact that she did not harbor any Improper

Characters. A good many Improper Char-

It was a sure enough Boarding House,

about even if they won't tell. All they had

to do to get the Center Table ready for

The Landlady was doing what she could

to discourage the Beef Trust, but she car-

ried a heavy line of Oatmeal. She had Oat-

meal to burn, and sometimes she did it.

And she often remarked that Spinach had

Spring Chicken, but the Boarders allowed

In the Cast of Characters were many of

the Old Favorites. There was the lippy

who knew the Names of all the Ball-Play-

ers and could tell when there was a good

Then there was the other kind with a

straw-colored Mustache and a prominent Adam's Apple who was very careful about his Pronunciation. He belonged to a So-

cial Purity Club that had a Yell. His Idea

of a Hurrah was to get in a Parlor with a

few Sisters who were under the Age Limit

Then there was the Old Boarder. He

and sing the Bass Part of "Pull for the

that she never saw a Spring Chicken.

Ping-Pong was to take off the Casters.

Once there was a homelike Beanery | Princess that brought in the Vittles paid where one could tell the Day of the Week | more attention to him than to any one else, The Stroke Oar of this Food Bazaar had | tuce he was liable to cry all over the Table

MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE REGU-

LAR KIND OF A PLACE AND THE

because if he didn't get Egg on his Let-Then there was the chubby Man who

herself trained so as not to hear any sar- happened at the Store that Day, and there castic Cracks about the Oleo. She prided | was a human Ant-Eater who made Puns. herself on the Atmosphere of Culture that | One of the necessary Features of a repermeated the Establishment and on the fined Joint is the Slender Thing who is taking Music and has Mommer along to fight off the Managers and hush the Voice of Scandal. This Boarding House had one of these Mother-and-Child Combinations that was a Dream. Daughter was full of Kubelik and Josef Hoffman. Away back in the Pines somewhere there was a Father who was putting up for the Outfit. Mother's Job seemed to be to sit around and Root. She was a consistent little Booster. If what Mother said was true, then Effic's Voice was a good deal better than it sounded. She said the Teachers were just crazy about it, and all of them agreed that Effie ought to go to Paris or Milan. The slangy Boy with the rag-time Shirt went them one better and said that all of the phoney Melbas in the country ought to pull for the

> In this same Boarding House there was & Widow whose husband had neglected to die. Being left all alone in the World she had gone out to make her Way, since which time she had gained about 30 pounds and was considered Great Company by the Young Men.

Old Country and wait until they were sent

Necessarily there was a Pale Lady who loved to read and who stuck to the Patterns that appeared in Godey's Magazine soon after the War. Then there was the Married Couple, with-

out any Children or Furniture of their own,



HIS IDEA OF A HURRAH

and the only reason they didn't take a Town so often. Henry's Salary had been whooped \$500 a Year and she was just beginning to say Gown instead of Dress. She had the Society Column for Breakfast and things looked Dark for Henry.

For many months this conventional Group of ordinary 6% Mortals had lived in a Rut. At each mealtime they rounded up and mechanically devoured what was doled out to them and folded their Napkins and broke ranks. Each day was the Duplicate of another and Life had petered down to a

One Evening, just as they had come in for their Vermicelli, a new Boarder glided into their midst. She was a tall Gypsy Queen with about \$1,200 worth of Clothes that fit her everywhere and all the time, and she had this watch-me kind of a Walk. the same being a Cue for all the other Girls to get out their Hardware.

When she moved up to the Table and began to distribute a few sample Smiles. so as to indicate the Character of her Work, the musical Team went out with the Tide, the Grass Widow curled up like an Autumn Leaf, the touch-me-not Married Lady dropped into the Scrub Division. The Lady who read was shy a Spoon and afraid to ask for ft. The Men were all googleeyed and the Help was running into Chairs and dropping important parts of the Menu.

OATMEAL TO BURN.

gave battle; he resigned, a crisis came, and | preparation and achievement, the man has | general result there is not a doubt. You the Khedive was obliged to do public pen- disappeared. The man, Herbert Kitchener bet your boots the sirdar knows; he ance by issuing a general order in praise owns the affection of private friends in wouldn't fight if he weren't going to win. officers. Two years later he began the re- years' standing; for the rest of the world none was ever better trusted. conquest of the Sudan. Without a single | there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but | throwback the work has gone forward only the sirdar, neither asking affection nor is believed not to have purged himself-

things just to fill up. The Circassian ing House. camp with supplies or the steamer action ing the stason, he replied, 'If it were to go can run with a full Nile. Fighting men | hom where they would get fit, and I could may chafe and go down with typhold and | get mare work out of them, I would. But forgotten his experience of haphazard cholera; they are in the iron grip of the why should I let them go down to Cairo?" Bashi-Bazouking at Handub. He had his machine, and they must wait the turn of its It is unumiable, but it is war, and it has a wheels. Dervishes wait and wonder, pass- severe magnificence. And if you suppose, ing from apprehension to security. The therefore, that the sirdar is unpopular, he ing no love, we do not see deep enough. he again commanded a brigade. In 1890 he afraid. Then suddenly at daybreak one beats the enemy. When the columns move morning they see the sirdar advancing upon out of camp in the evening to march all them from all sides together, and by noon | night through the dark, they know not they are dead. Patient and swift, certain | whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy with a tranquil mind. He may personally "In the meantime, during all the years of come back and he may not; but about the England and of old comrades of fifteen Other generals have been better loved;

"For of one human weakness the sirdar

giving it. His officers and men are wheels ambition. He is on his promotion, a man "The sirdar is never in a hurry. With in the machine; he feeds them enough to who cannot afford to make a mistake, vision the love in our own hearts, so that immovable self-control he holds back from make them efficient, and works them as Homilies against ambition may be left to each step till the ground is consolidated merclessly as he works himself. He will those who have failed in their own; the under the last. The real fighting power of | have no married officers in his army-mar- sirdar's, if apparently purely personal, is the Sudan lies in the country itself, in its riage interferes with work. Army officer legitimate and even lofty. He has attained barrenness which refuses food, and its who breaks down from the climate goes on eminent distinction at an exceptionally sick leave at once; next time he goes and early age. He has commanded victorious "The Sudan machine obviates barrenness the Egyptian army bears him on its armies at an age when most men are hoping and vastness; the bayonet action stands strength no more. Asked once why he did to command regiments. Even now a junior still until the railway action has piled the not let his officers come down to Cairo dur- major general, he has been intrusted with an army of six brigades, a command such as tew of his seniors have ever led in the field. Finally, he has been charged with a mission such as almost every one of them would have greedily accepted-the crowning trlumph of half a generation's war. Naturally, he has awakened jealousies, and he has bought permission to take each step on the way only by brilliant success in the last. If in this case he be not so stiffly unbending to the high as he is to the low, who shall blame him? He has climbed too high not to take every precaution against a fail. But he will not fall, just yet at any rate. So far as Egypt is concerned he is the man of destiny-the man who has been preparing himself sixteen years for one great purpose. For Anglo-Egypt he is the Mahdi; the exepected; the man who has sifted experience and 'corrected errors; who has worked at small things and waited for great; marble to sit still and fire to smite; steadfast, cold and inflexible; the man who has cut out his human heart and made himself a machine to retake Khartum."

Resigned to His Fate.

A Tioga physician tells of a boy in his neighborhood whose thumb was jammed so badly that the surgeon, after trying every remedy, said it must be amputated in order "My hand won't be very useful, then, "You'll have four fingers left, Tommy, but will not be able to grasp things firmly "I'll not be able to weed the garden or



Lady (at the polls)-I want to vote, sir. Judge-All right, mum. How old are you? Lady (flushing up)-What?

Judge-How old are you? Lady-Do I have to tell that? Judge-Certainly, mum. hady (tearing up ticket)-Thanks. I don't want to vote that bad. Good Philadelphia Times.

to save the hand and arm. will it, doctor?" asked the little sufferer. with that hand," answered the surgeon. chop wood for mamma, will I?" came next from Tommy. "I'm afraid not, my boy."
"Then, doctor, take it off!"